WEEKLY VISITOR,

VOLUME III.

OR,

LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,
TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

No. 40] SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1805. [WHOLE No. 144

THE

HISTORY OF GEORGE & CHARLOTTE.

(Continued from our last.)

THE enlarging the sphere of Mr. Beauclerk's hospitality had drawn once or twice to his house, in a very accidental manner, the Major Winslow we have before mentioned, who, was in a manner altogether as accidental, was rambling in that part of the country.

The Major was a handsome young man, elegantly accomplished, and most romanticly disposed. He had procured the rank of Majority in a new raised regiment, with an enthusiastic hope of advancement, which was very much disappointed on the reduction of the corps. He had then collected the shattered remains of his fortune, and by the interest of his friends got an appointment to India in a civil department. Previous to the sailing of the Company's ships, he amused himself in viewing the natural curiosities of Ireland, and in pursuit of his project was then in that country.

But having once come thither, and casually stumbled on Mr. Beauclerk's acquaintance, had felt himself too much caught with the beauty of Charlotte to hurry his departure. He availed himself of every opportunity of seeing her: He haunted her rides—He sauntered about the village where charitable visits very often engaged her. In short he took all those methods of seeing her, that present themselves to a respectful, yet an ardent lover, who earnestly seeks the society of his mistress, yet cannot court it in a manner that could be deemed indelicate or intrusive.

His attentions did not wholly lose their weight with Charlotte—she was awake to his merit. She perceived his sensibility, and drew comparisons between him and sir Edward, by no means to the advantage of the latter. Not that she could be said to love him—she esteemed him perfectly—while he on his part felt for her that pure glow of affection, that energy of friendship and elevation of sentiment, that he would not have dared to solicit her hand, as conscious his circumstances gave him no title to it: yet could not have borne to see it given to another, as sanguine in his hope that he might one day be wealthy enough to obtain it.

Things were in this situation when Mr. Beauclerk and sir Edward sitting one morning at breakfast, and Charlotte not yet come down, the newspaper arrived. The first paragraph that caught the baronet's attention was the following:—Died suddenly, on Wednesday last at his house in town, George Courtly, esq; one of the representatives in parliament for the county of ——— Mr. Beauclerk was electrified at the sound—an unexpected vacancy, an anticipated harvest for his labors—He caught sir Edward hastily by the hand, Now is our time, my dear fellow.

By the Lord, Harry, so it is.

I am sorry it has fallen out quite so suddenly. I wish I could have finished my canvass; but we must only be the more alert. Damn it, sir Edward, if you had but gone about with me before that fit of the gout, I should have gone through the whole country; but I hope now you'll make up for all. Lord Squander came down yesterday—You must go to him immediately.

He'll never support you—he looks for a place.

Why, there's the living—it's worth a clear eight hundred—his son shall have it—it may pave the way to a bishopric—something to resign, you know. Or if he don't like giving it to his son, what the devil is to hinder his cutting off his hair and taking it to himself. Zounds! if I were as poor as he, I'd cut off my ears for half the money—do go and offer it to him.

Why, look ye, Beauclerk, this is a sort of business I don't like. Every man knows my connections in this country; but I hate running about, teazing

people for their interest. If it was for myself, why very well; but when a man says, Why the devil, Forest, should you be so anxious about it? How can I answer him? There's that iced froth, my lord Squander, he'd as lieve see old Nick as me, because I don't play at Faro; I can't understand him; his conversation runs on nothing but club-houses and foreign grandees; and then he treats 'em so familiarly, calling them only by their titles, swearing that Jackey Jacket rides nine ounces lighter than Leaden head. I forget that one is the son of a duke, and the other a peer of the realm.

Zounds, man, you must humor their absurdities.—Don't I make the interest your own? Let me once get in, and it is impossible but you must be the other member—then with two voices, and both knights of the shire, I'll be bound to have a peerage for myself, with reversion to you and my daughter's children—Aye, that I will before the seven years are out.

Ecod, if things go on as they do, I see no chance of having either daughter or peerage.

Leave that to me, give me your support, and I this very day will talk in such a manner to Charlotte, that I will put the matter out of doubt.

Give me your hand, I am satisfied. I'll set off directly.

You need not say any thing about the mortgage—Yes tell him at any rate I have too much respect for him to foreclose, whether he assists me or no. Yes, yes, that will look more liberal; but by all that's revengeful, I'll file my bill next term if he does not.

They parted, and Mr. Beauclerk immediately flew to his daughter's dressing-room—He found her there, and repeated his injunctions for her early compliance with his friend's wishes. He told her he expected from her a definitive answer, which was either to declare she would be sir Edward's wife, or would cease to be his daughter.

She requested time to consider of the proposal, which, with some difficulty, Mr. Beauclerk acceded to; and then set out on his canvass. As for Charlotte, she satin that distraction of mind, which can only be conceived by those that have rightly considered the important duties of the marriage state, and seen themselves on the verge of being bound to the execution of them, to a person who has ever rather been the object of disgust than desire.

In this state she continued till she was roused from her reverie by a servant announcing Major Winslow; and before she could well determine whether to see him or not, he was in the room. He started at the change in her looks, and after telling her he was come to take leave, as he was obliged to sail immediately, added with a look of ineffable tender anxiety—Yes, Miss Beauclerk, I am to leave you, perhaps for ever—I own my wishes—my hopes flattered me, that I should leave you happy; but if I can read your countenance, I fear, however different the cause, your mind is at this moment little less agitated than my own.

Indeed, sir, my mind is far from being tranquil.

Oh! that I could divest myself of my sex, only to aspire to your friendship, and ask a fellowship in your concern: but, good God, what am I saying! And yet believe me, and let the separation that must take place, be the sanction of disinterestedness, that you could lodge a secret in a bosom that feels more sensibly for you, or beats with so much earnestness, to do you service.

The softness of Charlotte's temper was overpowered, and she burst into a flood of tears.

What could she do? she had no female friend—the reiterated expressions of regard, the tender sympathy and visible concern of Winslow, searched her affection to its source; they drew from her in disjointed words, broken expressions, and sentences half-suppressed, what the eagle-sighted passion of Winslow, soon interpreted into her real situation.

We have before observed, that his disposition was romantic to an extreme, and never had the spirit of chivalry so fair a field—it blazed forth in full lustre. He threw himself at her feet, declared his passion, told her the obstacles that had prevented his hitherto disclosing it; and offered a scheme truly worthy of his own heated imagination. Which was, that she should pretend having been privately married to him—that his leaving the kingdom would forward the deception; that should he return, in circumstances worthy to be laid at her feet, he would offer them to her acceptance; and if her persecution should cease in the interim, he would set her perfectly at liberty to dispose of her hand, wherever her heart might have been engaged, still hoping, that that liberty might never be called into action. If it should, he would readily confess the stratagem, and yield her to her inclinations; however his might suffer by his doing so. But let me not speak in this manner, said he, let me rather anticipate the greatest possible happiness, springing from the most ardent love, the most perfect constancy, and liveliest friendship.

Did she love Winslow? No—she esteemed him: she now respected him more than ever. She saw his worth; she hoped one day to be able to reward it. Sir Edward rushed across her mind with redoubled horrors; and she made Winslow blest, by assenting to her part in the innocent deception.

Transported at his good fortune, Winslow took leave in the most passionate manner. He mounted his horse, and wholly occupied with thoughts of his beloved Charlotte, he sometimes rather flew than rode; sometimes drew in the reigns, to meditate more intensely on her charms.—

At his return home, he wrote a letter, in which he availed himself with ecstacy of those endearing terms, which wedded love consecrates. He alluded to their former marriage, and had a certificate of it in his possession; but charged her to keep it secret till his departure for India, and then with a heart divided between ecstacy and agony, set out for the capital on his route. He remained there but a few hours and sailed for England; when posting directly for London, he found he had no time to lose. He accordingly embarked and in three months arrived at that land from whence his fate decreed he never should return.

(To be continued.)

[*From the Baltimore Evening Post.*]

DUELLING.

A great number of persons who do not understand the *true* principles of honor, have attempted to undervalue the merits of those who defend duelling —to those and those only who *do*, the following observations are submitted; and if there should happen to be any offensive matter in them, or any thing which may be construed by the most *refined* ideas into *an affront*, the acknowledgment here made will be at least as public as the *offence*. This, it is hoped, will satisfy every true friend of gun-powder, and prevent any disagreeable consequences which may result from giving publicity to the following *grand* improvement on the modern manner of single combat, which is extracted from an elegant work entitled, "Mammuth; or human nature displayed on a *grand* scale," and is so much in point, that as the *gentlemen* who are in the habit of *calling out* their *friends* do not appear to understand the true principles, or rather practice (no offence gentlemen, 'pon honor) of duelling, they are, as before said, submitted to their serious consideration, as being more in style, and more manly; inasmuch as it requires greater fortitude to go through all the *forms* of this new method than in the common mechanical way of measuring ten or twelve paces, and then proving who is the best marksman.—As I said before, *gentlemen*, do not take it amiss if I point out another method of settling your disputes, than which I do not think a better could be devised, and above all originated in a country where there is no law but the law of duelling, where *might* always overcomes *right*, and and where every man who has any *spirit* may fight with his neighbor as much as he pleases, without the officious interference of impertinent police-officers.

The Ghost of Suwarrow.

Account of the mode in which the trial by single combat is carried on in a nation very little known to Europeans, in the central parts of Africa.

I was greatly surprised to find (says our author) among so enlightened a people as the Mamuthians, the same barbarous mode of settling disputes which still unfortunately prevals in Europe and America, I mean duelling; with this difference, that it is not accounted any disgrace for either of the parties concerned to refuse a challenge, and to appeal to the law of the land. It is only when the resentment of both parties is excited to a pitch of savage ferocity and madness, that a duel takes place: and when it does, it is conducted not in secret, but under the public eye, of which I happened to see or rather to hear an example.

A most obstinate quarrel had happened between a colonel of the guards and a capital butcher in Gutty Gur, concerning the *dignity* of their respective professions; and to make the quarrel still more serious, they were both candidates for the affections of the same lady. The parties being called before the judges, declared that their rage was so great as to be satisfied only by an appeal to violence. They were then separated at the distance of a "foeti funk" (about a mile) from each other, each of them attended by one of the judges and an officer of justice, who carried along with him pins, bodkins, knives, scissars, pincers, thumb screws, and other instruments of mutilation and torment. The spectators divided themselves into two parties, and accompanied, according to their affections, one or other of the duellists, who now, without sight of each other, and as it were back to back, began the fierce combat: with pen and ink, which was placed on purpose on a table cut out of the solid rock, he who gave the challenge, without the least hesitation, wrote to the other the following note.—"Colonel Gog defies butcher Magog with a pin six inches in length thrust to the very head into one of his thighs." This note being delivered with due solemnity into the hands of the judge, the officer of justice (or, as we would say, "Jack Ketch,") without ceremony, delay or remorse, thrust the pin into Gog's naked thigh to the full extent of what was affirmed in the note of defiance. This note, with the seal of the judge now appended to it in "testimonium veritatis," was sent by a public messenger to his rival, Magog, who was attended as well as his adversary, with his judge and executioner: he not only presented the part designated with ineffable disdain to the executioner, but without a moments delay wrote as follows;—"Butcher Magog defies colonel Gog with a bodkin of a foot in length thrust through the brawny part of his arm." This terrible billet being duly conveyed to the judge, the executioner at his nod thrust the bodkin into the arm of Magog till its bloody point fairly appeared at the other side. Magog's challenge, duly signed, sealed and delivered, was not without a visible effect on the countenance of Gog; nevertheless the colonel, plucking up a good heart, held out his bare arm to the executioner, who performed it with a proper bodkin in the twinkling of an eye. Having done this, and refreshed himself a little, he wrote as follows:—"Gog defies Magog with the scalp of his head." Immediately after which he presented himself in the proper attitude; and the judge having nodded assent, the scalp was carried with due solemnity to Magog, who lost no time in returning the *compliment*.

The enraged butcher was now at a loss how to continue the contest. To send an ear, a finger or a toe to his antagonist, would be skirmishing to no purpose; and for a foot or an hand, a leg or an arm, he could not *conveniently* spare them. He, therefore, in order to put an end, if possible, to the combat, wrote the following note:—Magog defies Gog with * * * * * * [Here the book is so defaced, it is impossible to make out what the defiance was.] This defiance struck the judge with horror; he refused his assent to what was proposed, on the ground of its being a new case, until he should consult the *hierophant* and the other judges. Two of these declared their opinion, that to settle a dispute in this manner by * * * * * * [here is another defect in the book] was a thing altogether unheard of and preposterous; but the chief justice Melek-Ammon, to whose opinion the other two judges readily assented, observed that the whole of the juridical proceeding in question was absurd, and therefore that no single part of it could be set aside on account of its absurdity, rather than another.

The butcher having fortified himself with a strong dose of *jumbu*, (brandy and asses' blood,) actually carried his threats into execution, but the colonel, to whom a report had been made of the demurrer just mentioned, said, that in so tender a point it was impossible for him to proceed, and to establish a new precedent to all future titles, unless there had been a greater concord, if not entire unanimity, among the judges —

The butcher therefore triumphed fairly over the colonel; but to which of the combatants, the victor or the vanquished, the lady that was the subject of dispute gave a preference, I was not informed.

LET US MORALIZE A LITTLE.

WHY is mankind so universally attached to life? Why do we feel an inward horror, a secret dread that curdles the blood in our veins at the thoughts of a dissolution? the varied scenes of life are scenes of care and perplexity: the hours of festive joy are the forerunners of languor and discontent; and the gaiety of youth is but a fleeting dream. Ever discontented with the present, we look to futurity for the completion of our happiness; but that futurity never extends beyond the grave—no, the idea is too gloomy—the futurity we look to is a more advanced period of life. The period arrives, and what are we? more dissatisfied than ever with ourselves and with the world. We still vainly flatter ourselves with happier days: we say to ourselves, our portion of misery is complete we shall see no more. But if youth and manhood have not betowed the bliss we search for, is it probable that it will accompany age, infirmity and disease? Preposterous thought! Life is nought but a continued chain of care and anxiety; yet a man is said to be deranged in his intellects, a madman, if he wish its annihilation. But those who conceive him to be a madman, derive their opinions, not from reason or experience, but from the fear of death. It may be said, that to beseech the Almighty to put a period to our existence, is an act of the greatest impiety: but what do we do when we beseech him to prolong our lives, and to shower down his blessings upon us!—

The one seeks happiness in death, and the other in life: both states are in the order of nature; and can it be a greater crime to wish for one, than to wish for the other? Thousands of instances occur, when the sick man is at the point of death, when there remains not the faintest glimmer of hope in the bosoms of the sad group around him, that he, as well as his pastor and friends, hesitate not to offer up a petition for the prolongation of his existence. Whence arises this love of life, this vain wish to add another short link to the chain of human misery? It is not that we are enamored of its pleasures; it is not that we wish to benefit our fellow creatures: but we wish to live for no other reason than because we fear to die.

Manthon, at fifteen years of age, fell dangerously ill. Ah me! (cried he) ere I have felt the independence of manhood—thus am I nipped in the bud! thus vanished all my cherished hopes! Should the Almighty vouchsafe to grant me a respite till maturity has impressed his stamp upon my form, then will I resign myself without a murmur. He recovers and thinks no more of death.

At three and twenty he becomes enamored of a beautiful woman and marries her. In two weeks he is again at the point of death. He inveighs against his hard fate in the bitterest terms. But too short weeks have I possessed all that was desirable on earth, and must I so soon resign the precious boon? Health once more returns.

In two weeks after his beloved wife dies. *Nothing*, he thinks, can equal his misery; yet he will barely encounter it. He embarks in trade, and regains his wonted tranquility. In the midst of prosperity death appears. He is terrified at the idea of renouncing his schemes for the accumulation of wealth: he beseeches a short respite, and it is granted.

After experiencing all the losses, and all the inquietudes and sleepless nights of the merchant, he hoards together an immense treasure.

Sixty years have silvered over his head. He starves himself, lest he should want; and he frightens himself into a fever, lest he should have need of the assistance of a physician. The noise of a mouse is the noise of thieves and murderers; and the name of death acts as an apopletic on his nerves. Spare me (he cries) spare me, O Lord! Spare me to my treasure, that I may guard it from the midnight robber!

———*Is not this man mad.*

BEAUTIES OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

GRACIOUS heaven! what will language come to! whither will the Johnsonic phrenzy carry us? A gentleman really sent to a lady of most excellent endowment, the following card:

"*Madam*,

"At your post meridian compotation, be not fascinated with the ardescene of my bibulatingin consonance, interior motives stimulate me in a transverse direction. E contra, after the diurnal operosity hath increased the delectibility of vesper, perhaps I may saturate a wonted appetite in contuding that petacious root, which is so nice an esculent, if humidated by butter, joined to mellifluous conviviality."

The lady, well known by her poetical and other productions, had far more genius, if not all the Greek and Latin of the writer of the above, and sat down to tea without him, and got ready a roasted potatoe for his supper, which was the thing he meant. This I have subjoined, merely to prevent any of your fair readers being puzzled to make it out.

The same nubiculer writer addressed another note thus:

"*Madam*,"

"Excuse my percunetation, since adapting my habiliments, I inucleated an impotency of cohesion; or to rationate more sublimely a fissure, ebulliating from a tenuity of the ligamentary particles which affect a vacuity, and contracted the rays of vision to a nuded space, in my cruel system."

Yet all this only means, he delayed having spied a hole in his stocking.

Another gentleman having in a public room trod upon the toes of a gouty old gentleman, who happened to be present, is said to have vociferated in the following Lexiphanic strain:

"S'death, how devious a vestige! in what a turpidinous dilemma do I stand? may dimness to an ulterior approximation of obscurity perambulate my optic nerves if I saw you before. Without all ambiguity, I have allaqueated myself in a labyrinth of such inextricamazes, as petrifies the emanations

of common intellect. On this interesting emergency, it is not indeed, sir, in the compass intellect of my elocution to excogiate an apology of adequate efficacy to abrogate your censure of my rusticity."

The poor old gentleman, smarting with the pain, stared at him with distorted muscles, yet willing to forgive so learned a character, turned to those around him, and simply begged some of them would answer the gentleman, for he said, "I am unacquainted with foreign tongues, and can only speak plain English."

When men of infamy to grandeur soar,
They light a torch to show their shame the more.

Lon. Pap.

A WELL CHURN'D ORATION.

A Number of students happening one evening at an inn, the conversation chanced to turn upon the unequality, with which fortune bestowed her favors. Each, in his turn, giving some recent instance of the instability of fortune; the conversation went on with mutual satisfaction, till one being desirous to show the purity of his principles and withal his improvement in the fashionable (I had almost said absurd) mode of pronunciation, observed, that the most splendid forchin was nothing without virchue.

This, for a time, put a stop to the conversation. At length another happening to be a little conceited, and being unwilling to be outdone, replied, I ever consider myself the most forchinate when I find most opporchunities of relieving the unforchinate. In all my adventures nothing so immediately attracts my attention as a fellow creachure pressed under the perpetchual frowns of misforchin. The gratichude of those whom I relieve becomes a source of fucher bliss, and projuces a degree of quiechude ever resulting from a rectichude of conduct; and enables me to bid defiance to the frowns of misforchin—or if she frown, enables me to bear up with fortichude. Although the many grachuities may lessen the man's income, yet habichual benevolence projuces inchuitive esteem, which every good man is anxious to deserve, and which will have a tendency to machure those latent seeds of virchue, which, I believe, are planted in every yuman breast. Of what service is the most refined literachure to a man if it projuce not benevolence, nor teach him to be virchuous? What if he be able to tell the latichude and longichude even of the north pole? What if he account for all the phenomena of nachure? What if he know the scripchure, and understand all the mysteries of the Jewish ritchual?—I say of what service is all this to a man, while his heart is hard to the poor? Who churns his back upon distress; and whose most pleasing chune is the voice of the distressed widow, and the cries of the helpless orphan! Yes, I repeat it, he churns his back on distress. Can such a man deserve the smiles of forchin? Can virchue fortichude, gratichude, or quiechude, dwell with that man who is a stanger to rectichude?

Faith, says one, who had been standing tip toe, all the while, our brother has spoken an excellent oration, but he has *chew'd* it unmercifully.

PART OF A WELCH SERMON.

A bride should have nine qualifications beginning with the letter P, viz.—Piety—Person and Parts—Patience—Prudence and Providence—Privilege—Parentage and Portion: but that which should be first of all and most of all in consideration, which is Piety, is now a-days the least of all, and with many none at all; and that which should be least of all and last of all in consideration, which is Portion, is become first of all, most of all, and with many all in all.

FROM LEWIS' COMIC SKETCHES.

ALTHOUGH performers neglecting the study of their profession deserve reprehension, yet I must exempt such from censure as having been neglectful from their endeavors proving unsuccessful. In this situation was the late facetious George Alexander Stevens, at Lyan, in Norfolk. Having played there several nights to empty benches, he neglected to study the part of Lorenzo, in the Merchant of Venice, which he had to perform before the company left the town. He, however, bustled through it tolerably well until he came to the last act, where he should have said to Jessica—

"In such a night as this, Leander swam the Hellespont, and braved the winds and waves for Hero's sake," &c.

Instead of which he began thus—

"Oh Jessica! in such a night as this, the—man—swam over the water—and he div'd and he duck'd—and he duck'd and he div'd—till he got to the other side—and—there, you know, he met with his—sweetheart—and there, Jessica, you know they met each other."

This was intolerable! The audience perceiving the cause, expressed their disapprobation by a general hiss from every part of the theatre.

Stevens, greatly irritated by this, resolved to quit the town, as he termed it, in a blaze. He took, therefore, Jessica by the hand, and, leading her forward, addressed the audience thus:

"Oh Jessica, in such a night as this we came to town,
And since that night we've touch'd but half a crown:
Let you and I then bid these folks good night,
For if we longer stay, they'll starve us quite——Damn me."

THE APPARENT INSULT EXPLAINED.

THE friars of a town in France, employed a painter to make a painting, representing the Temple of our Lord in the Desert. The artist clothed Satan in the habit of a friar.—The reverend fathers, extremely offended, made most violent complaints to the painter, who answered them, "That the enemy of the world could not have taken more likely means to seduce our Lord Jesus Christ, than by wearing the garb of virtue."

POWER OF MUSIC.

A BALLAD SINGER, made such a wretched noise in the street, that the populace could not endure it, and began pelting him with stones. A bye-stander remarked, that his singing resembled that of Orpheus and Amphion which attracted the stones and rocks.

The Visitor.

SATURDAY, July, 6, 1805.

LIST OF DEATHS IN N. YORK.

The city inspector reports the death of 28 persons during the week ending on Saturday last.

Of CONSUMPTION 8—cholera morbus 1—convulsions 4—decay 1—dysentary 1—remittent fever 1—typhus fever 1—hives 2—inflammation of the stomach 1—inflammation of the bladder 1—murdered 1—old age 1—rupture 1 small-pox 1—sudden death (a man by drinking cold water) 1—and 2 of suicide by drowning themselves.

Of whom 8 were men—5 women—9 boys—and 6 girls.

Of whom 7 were of and under the age of one year—2 between 1 and 2—4 between 2 and 5—2 between 10 and 20—2 between 20 and 30—3 between 30 and 40—4 between 40 and 50—1 between 50 and 60—2 between 60 and 70—and 1 between 70 and 80.

The Humane Society of Philadelphia has caused a hand bill to be pasted on each of the pumps of the city, containing the following direction for preventing

SUDDEN DEATH,

From drinking cold Water, or cold liquors of any kind in Warm Weather,

1. Do not drink while you are warm. Or,

2. Drink only a small quantity at once, and let it remain a short time in your mouth before swallowing it. Or,

8. Grasp the vessel out of which you are about to drink, for a few moments with both your hands. Or,

4. Wash your hands and face, and rince your mouth with cold water before you drink.

If these precautions have been neglected, and the disorder incident to drinking the cold liquor bath been produced, give them from 40 to 60 drops of liquid laudanum in spirit and water or warm drink of any kind.

If these should fail of giving relief, the same quantity may be repeated every twenty minutes until the pain and spasms abate.

N. B. The dose of Laudanum is calculated for a grown person, and must be smaller for a child.

A young man by the name of Russel Bowers, was detected on Wednesday morning, June 19, in attempting to pass a forged note, drawn in the name of Mr. G. G. Bailey, payable to and endorsed Francis Bremar. He was immediately conducted before James Bentham, Esq. and while the commitment was making out, dexterously snatched up the note and swallowed it. He confessed his necessities had compelled him to adopt this rash step, to obtain a supply of cash. [*Char. jap.*]

Citizen *Bernardin de St. Pierre*, the celebrated author of Studies of Nature, and of Paul and Virginia, (the names of his eldest son and daughter) is about to publish the latter work, which he owns has gained him the most friends, and which has been translated into almost all the European languages, by subscription, for the benefit of his three children, of whom his eldest daughter is only nine years of age, and his last boy is carried in the arms of the young mother who nurses him. The intended edition will contain, besides what is in the preceding ones, a particular advertisement, an explication of the figures, some new notes, an abridged notice of the principal works of the celebrated artists that are exerting themselves to bring out the work, in all the perfection of French typography and engraving, and a list of the names of the subscribers.

RUSSIAN MARRIAGES, DEATHS, &c.

From the 18th of Feb. 1803, to the 18th of Feb. 1804 there were married in Russia, 302,467 couples; died, 791, 979; born, 1,279,321. In the number of deaths were—30, between 115 and 120 and 125: 5 between 125 and 130; and 1 of 150 years of age.

Philadelphia, June 13.

COMMUNICATION.

SHOCKING CRUELTY!

The publication of cases of cruelty may be a matter of doubtful policy; but when the offender has been suffered to escape almost with impunity, it becomes due to justice to place him upon public record, as an object of horror and detestation.

At the April Court of Quarter Sessions, 1306, of the county of Northampton, SAMUEL DEPUI, of the borough of Easton, was indicted for an assault and battery, on his apprentice, Elizabeth Fulmer, about 12 years of age. The indictment set forth, specially, the circumstances that were afterwards given in evidence. The defendant admitted the case set out in the bill, by pleading GUILTY, and submitting to the Court.

It appeared in evidence, from different witnesses, that in the course of last winter, remarkable for its severity, Samuel Depui had tied this child up by her heels, so that her head just touched the ground, and in that posture had beaten her most severely, until she was all bloody;—That he had taken her to the necessary, and compelled her to eat human excrement;—That he had made her eat pepper and lime:—That in the coldest time of the winter he had poured snow and water upon her in her bed;—That he had stripped her naked, and tied her in the morning in an open garret into which the snow had drifted, and kept her thus there until night:—That he had lacerated her back until it was raw and bloody, and then compelled this wretched infant to rub the wounds with pepper and lime:—And, at another time, had beaten her in the same manner, and then put her into a bed which he had strewed with lime:—That he had shut her up at night in a stable without shoes or stockings, until her feet were frozen.

When this monster was called upon to answer these charges, he did not pretend to deny one of the facts above stated; but endeavored to palliate them, by saying, some chesnuts and a few apples had been missing, which he suspected this girl had taken; that he had sent her with cold victuals in the cellar, and some was missing; that sometimes

she would not answer when she was called, but say she did not hear; and that he would have to call her two or three times to table to eat.

This is a candid and literal statement of the whole case, taken in writing at the time. The public indignation was highly excited and incensed, and an exemplary punishment was eagerly looked for, especially as the court descanted on the offence in the strongest terms. When to the astonishment of every body, this sentence was pronounced:—That Samuel Depui, should pay a fine of fifteen dollars—be imprisoned for ten days, and give security for his good behavior for one year, in the sum of fifty dollars.

As this court has passed much more severe judgements, in cases of common assault and battery, it was difficult to say, in the conclusion, whether Samuel Depui, or the court, was most the object of public dissatisfaction.

It was understood the president of the court was desirous of inflicting a more exemplary punishment.

We are happy, however, to state, that the court thought proper to remove this unfortunate child from her merciless master.

Albany, June 24.

ARSENIC.

The public have repeatedly been cautioned against the imprudent use of this corrosive poison, in the destruction of house vermin; and families have not unfrequently paid the forfeiture of their imprudence in the premature death of some of their members. A family in this city, were on Saturday last, poisoned by Arsenic, which had been mixed with some Indian meal, and put aside to use as occasion should require, to destroy Rats, but which was taken by the maid of the house (who was unacquainted with the circumstance) and incorporated into a pudding. Nine of the family ate of it, and were seized with the most violent puking, &c. Medical aid was immediately resorted to, and we are happy to learn that they are all recovered or out of danger. Sweet Oil in very liberal portions was administered to each patient.

MARRIED.

On Sunday evening, last week, Mr. Benjamin Elder, to Mrs. Reed, widow of the late Capt. Wm. Reed.

On Thursday evening last week, at Orange, (N. J.) Mr. Ezra Baldwin, to Miss Matilda Ramage, both of that place.

On Tuesday, Mr. Thomas Christian, merchant, to Miss Miller, both of this city.

On Monday, last week, in Westchester County, Mr. Wm. Egbert, to Miss Cynthia Smith, daughter of Dr. David Smith, all of this city.

On the 27th June, at Ireland's meeting house, in Little Nine Partners, Stephen Townsend, late of this city, to Avis Peckham, daughter of Samuel Peckham, of the former place.

At New-Orleans, on the evening of the 3d of June, Edward Livingston, esq. to Madame Marie-Louise-Magdaleine-Valentine-Davizac-Castra Moreau, widow of the late Louis Moreau de Lassy.

DIED.

On his passage from St. Croix to New-York, Mr. Archibald Howell, of this city, after an illness of five days.

What a strange machine is man! framed with such nice mechanism by nature's hand, that every element impedes his perfect motion; now the vibration of the heart is too much propelled by heat; now cold shivers every fibre: to-day he is on the theatre of action, and to-morrow no more! Such is life—why does my pulse beat languid when I reflect on the friend that I have lost, whose heart knew no guile, and whose friendship was sincere. 'Tis for his family, his friends, and society, that I feel these emotions. In the prime of life, in the morning of his usefulness, society has lost a valuable member.

W.

W. S. TURNER,

Informs his friends and the public, that he has removed from No. 15, PARK, to No. 71 Nassau-street, where he practices PHYSIC, *and the profession of* SURGEON DENTIST.

He fits ARTIFICIAL TEETH *upon such principles that they are not merely ornamental, but answer the desirable purposes of nature, and so neat in appearance that they cannot be discovered from the most natural.——His method also of* CLEANING *the* TEETH *is generally approved of, and allowed to add every possible elegance to the finest set without incurring the slightest pain, or injury to the enamel.——In the most raging* TOOTH-ACHE *his* TINCTURE *has rarely proved ineffectual, but if the* DECAY *is beyond the powe of remedy, his attention in extracting* CARIOUS TEETH *upon the most improved* CHIRURGICAL *principles is attended with infinite ease and safety.*

Mr. TURNER will wait on any gentleman or lady at their respective houses, or he may be consulted at No. 71 Nassau St. where may be had his ANTISCORBUTIC TOOTH-POWDER, *an innocent and valuable preparation of his own from chymical knowledge It has been considerably esteemed the last ten years: and many medical characters both use and recommend it, as by a constant application of it, the* TEETH *become beautifully white, the* GUMS *are braced, and assume a firm and healthful red appearance, the loosened* TEETH *are renewed fast in their sockets, the breath imparts a delectable sweetness, and that destructive accumulation of* TARTAR, *together with* DECAY *and* TOOTH-ACHE *prevented.*

The TINCTURE *and* POWDER *may likewise be had at G. & R. Waite's store, No. 64, Maiden-lane.*

VALUABLE INFORMATION

to those who are subject to the Tooth-ach.

BARDWELL'S Tooth-ach drops, the only Medicine yet discovered which gives immediate relief from this tormenting pain.

Since this efficacious medicine was first made public, many thousand persons have experienced its salutary effects. The following recent case is selected from a numerous list.

Extract of a letter recently received.

Gentlemen,

"I had been tormented with the most excruciating pain in my teeth and face for nearly two months, and could obtain no relief from various medicines which I tried. Being strongly recommended to try Bardwell's Tooth-Ache Drops, I procured a bottle, and applied them according to the directions, and also bathed the side of my face with them, which was exceeding sore, occasioned by the long continuance of violent pain. In a few minutes after I applied this valuable medicine, the pain entirely ceased, and has never troubled me since. I feel real pleasure in making this acknowledgment of their merit, not only in compliment to you for so happy a discovery, but to insure the public confidence in a medicine so highly deserving, and from which mankind are likely to derive such eminent services. It is certainly the most efficacious medicine I ever heard of. You have my permission to make this letter public.

ELIZABETH CASEMORE.

No. 15, Thomas-Street, New-York.

Price, One Dollar.

Sold by appointment at Messrs. Ming & Young's, No. 102 Water-Street, Mr. Lawrence Bowers, 433 Pearl-street, & wholesale and retail at Stokes & Co's. Medicine Warehouse No. 26 Boxery Lane.

ENGLISH TRANSLATION OF THE CELEBRATED FRAGMENT OF SAPPHO.

BLEST, as the immortal gods, is he,
The youth who fondly sits by thee,
And hears and sees thee, all the while,
Softly speak, and sweetly smile.

'Twas this depriv'd my soul of rest,
And rais'd such tumults in my breast;
For while I gaz'd, in transport tost,
My breath was gone, my voice was lost.

My bosom glow'd:——the subtle flame
Ran quick thro' all my vital frame!
O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung,
My ears with hollow murmers rung.

In dewy damps my limbs were chill'd,
My blood with gentle horrors thrill'd,
My feeble pulse forgot to play,
I fainted——sunk——and died away!

PARODY ON THE ABOVE.

TO A SCOLD.

CURST as the devil himself, is he,
Th' unhappy wretch who's tied to thee;
Who hears and sees thee, every hour,
Talk so loud, and look so sour.

'Tis this deprives my soul of rest,
This raises horrors in my breast;
For oft, in sudden anguish tost,
My courage fails, my voice is lost.

My hair's erect: unusual dread
O'er all my vital frame is spread;
My scared eye-balls shun the sight;
Deaf are my ears with dire affright.

Cold sweats my trembling members feel;
Terrific fears my blood congeal:
Resolv'd, at last, no more to stay,
rise——take breath!——and run away!

FROM THE CENTINEL.

Mr. Russell—*I enclose you a specimen of* Burlesque Elegy, *in the manner of some modern poets:—wherein the poet describes how he obtained* Delia's *Pocket Handkerchief, on election Day.*

THIS mine! what accents can my joy declare?
Blest be the pressure of the thronging rout!
Blest be the hand so hasty of my fair,
That left the *tempting corner* hanging out!

I envy not the joy the pilgrim feels,
After long travel to some distant shrine,
When at the relic of his saint he kneels,
For DELIA's Pocket handkerchief is mine.

When first with *filching fingers* I drew near,
Keen hope shot tremulous thro' every vein!
And when the *finished deed* removed my fear,
Scarce could my bounding heart its joy contain.

Here when she took the macaroons from me,
She wip'd her mouth to clean the crumbs so sweet;
Dear napkin! yes she wiped her lips in thee!
Lips *sweeter* than the macaroons she eat.

And when she took that pinch of Macabaw—
That made my love so *delicately* sneeze,
Thee to her Roman nose applied I saw,
And thou art doubly dear for things like these.

No washer-woman's filthy hand shall e'er
SWEET POCKET HANDKERCHIEF! thy worth profane!
For thou hast touch'd the *rubies* of my fair,
And I will kiss thee o'er and o'er again.

A beautiful, allegorical description of THE PROGRESS OF FRUIT.

BY COWPER.

SPRING hangs her infant blossoms on the trees,
Rock'd on the cradle of the western breeze;
Summer in haste the thriving charge receives
Beneath the shade of her expanded leaves;
'Till Autumn's fiercer heats and plenteous dews,
Dye them at last with all their golden hues.

EPITAPH,

ON AN *HONORABLE* GAMESTER.

HERE B—— lies, his *game* of life being *play'd*,
At length Death *trump'd* him, with a sexton's spade——
Yet now, two *points* of the *game*, he still can show,
For now, his soul is *high*, his body *low*.

The following verses were written by Arthur O'Connor, the notorious Irish patriot, *and distributed by him on his way* to confinement, in Fort George, Scotland, 1798.

I.

THE pomp of Courts, the pride of Kings,
I prize above all earthly things;
I love my country, but the King
Above all men his praise I sing:
The royal banners are display'd,
And may success the standard aid.

II.

I fain would banish far from hence,
The Rights of Man and Common Sense;
Confusion to his odious reign,
That foe to Princes, Thomas Paine!
Defeat and ruin seize the cause,
Of France, its liberties, and laws!

Nothing objectionable is here obvious to the reader; but to learn the real sentiments of the writer we must take the first line of the first verse and next the first line of the second, the second line of the first and the second line of the second, and so on alternately.—— Thus we shall find seditionin what at first appears to be loyalty.

N. SMITH,

Chymical Perfumer from London, at the New-York Hair-Powder and Perfume Manufactory, the Rose No. 114, opposite the City-Hotel, Broad-Way.

Smith's improved Chymical Milk of Roses, so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness, or sunburns; has not its equal for whitening and preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is very fine for gentlemen to use after shaving—with printed directions—6s. 8s. and 12s. per bottle, or 3 dollars per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s. and 8s. per pot, with printed directions.

His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s. per lb.
Do. Violet, double scented, 1s. 6d. do.
His beautiful Rose Powder, 2s. 6d. do.

Highly improved sweet scented hard and soft Pomatums, 1s. per pot or roll, double, 2s. do.

His white almond Wash-ball, 2s. and 3s. each.
Very good common, 1s: Camphor, 2s. 3s. do.
Do. Vegetable.

Gentlemen may have their shaving boxes filled with fine Shaving Soap, 2s. each.

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughness and chops, leaves them quite smooth, 2s.—4s per box.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all kinds of roughness, and leaving the skin smooth and comfortable, 3s. and 4s. per pot.

Smith's Savonnette Royal Paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate, and fair, to be had only as above, with directions, 4s. and 8s. per pot.

Smith's Chymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums, warranted, 2s. and 4s. per box.

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash-ball, far superior to any other for softening, beautifying and preserving the skin, with an agreeable perfume, sold with printed directions, 4s. and 8s. each.

LITERATURE.

The subscriber respectfully informs his employers and the public in general, that he will continue his School at No. 17 Bancker-Street as usual; and will open another the first of May, in that spacious, airy and beautiful House and Situation, on the corner of Grand and Orchard-Streets, now occupied by Mr. Whippo. He has employed persons to assist him in teaching, whose abilities are adequate to the task of teaching English Literature in its various branches. The subscriber will superintend both schools, and make it the top of his ambition to render instruction particularly useful to employers, and reciprocally discharge his duty in every respect relating to Science, Morality and the civil deportment of his pupils. The subscriber purposes living at the last mentioned House, and can accommodate several genteel boarders, the house being very roomy, and therewith a beautiful yard of five lots of ground covered with grass, and shaded with cherry and peach trees.

W. D. LEZELL.
No. 17, Bancker-Street, New-York

N. B. The subscriber writes Deeds, Mortgages, Indentures, Wills, Leases, Re-leases, Powers, Bonds &c. &c. on the most reasonable terms.

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